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EDITORIAL

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

I wonder what fantastic adventures television producers of 1769 would have thought up for Captain James Cook and his ship Endeavour, as they do today for the nuclear submarine "Seaview" and its make-believe crew. Surely they could be little more fantastic than the real adventures that befell this famous sailor in his three voyages to the South Pacific.

What have we today to use as a comparison with such voyages which took Cook and his crew away from home and even from any direct communication with home for periods of years. The single-handed circumnavigation of the globe by Chichester and Rose are feats of skill and daring, but they could at least communicate directly with the world during most of their voyage.

The space trip round the moon which crowned the achievements of 1968 was a voyage of discovery akin to Cook's, but it took only 10 days and even though the ship was sailing into the unknown dangers of space, hundreds of thousands of miles away, we were treated to hour by hour commentaries from the ship. Should disaster have struck the whole world would have known immediately, as indeed it did of their triumph.

Had the Endeavour been sunk by a storm, it would have been literally years before this fact was established and announced to the world, so that Captain Cook and the Endeavour had to be for all intents and purposes a world on their own throughout their voyages.

Today, the modern traveller is hard put to find a relatively uncharted area of the world, and through the network of communications which covers the world he can pursue his everyday life even from thousands of miles away. The credit card facilities of Diners Club which also reach right round the world—even into the countries of Eastern Europe—enable our members to chart the course of their spending accurately and economically.

MAURICE SEXTON.

Cover: Courtesy Gisborne P.R.O.

JAMES COOK

It is said that George III wept when he heard of the death of Captain Cook.

In a short life, James Cook (he died at the age of 50) overcame lack of opportunity and upbringing of an inland Yorkshire moor town to become foremost sea explorer of his time. Father of Marine surveying (whose charts were still in use 150 years later). The first sailing ship master to combat scurvy.

In all Cook made 3 voyages of Discovery.

1ST VOYAGE (1768-1771) the famous "Endeavour" sailed round the Horn, successfully observed transit of Venus, chartered Society Islands (which he named after the Royal Society in London), discovered Bora Bora, re-discovered New Zealand (Tasman had sighted it but not landed, 126 years before), chartered most of east coast of Australia, sailing round the top of Australia, discovering Torres Strait. Disproved Dutch claim that Australia was entirely barren. Thus paving way for British settlement.

2ND VOYAGE (1772-1775) again, South Pacific and New Zealand, but really to search for large continent people believed must exist down there somewhere to counter-balance land mass in Northern Hemisphere. Cook also pioneered and perfected use of the chronometer, taking guesswork out of subsequent seafaring navigation.

3RD VOYAGE (1776-1780) back into South Pacific and again to New Zealand, but primarily to try and find North West Passage round the top of Canada. James Cook was killed in Hawaiian Islands 14th February, 1779.

Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Hugh Palliser (yes, the one the Cape near Wellington was named after) erected a monument to Cook (one of 200 erected in various parts of the world) inscribed—

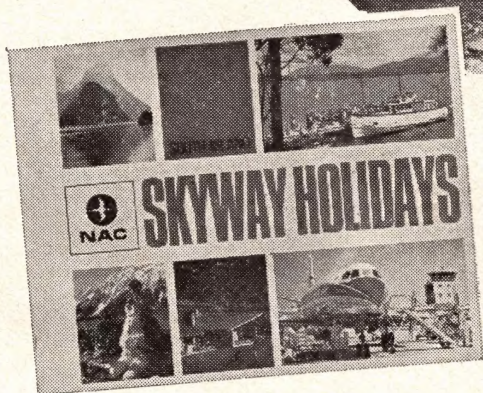
"The ablest and most renowned navigator this or any other country hath produced."

Dr. J. C. Beaglehole of Wellington, one of the foremost authorities on Captain Cook, described him as—

"the man in the history of oceanic exploration most difficult to overpraise."

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SKYWAY HOLIDAYS

CAPTAIN COOK

The man who determined that YOU will be reading this in English (instead of Dutch or French). The man who indirectly decreed that we would eventually pack like sardines into Athletic Park, or even follow the current West Indies v New Zealand Test cricket series, was the second of 7 children, born in a 2-room thatched cottage in a Yorkshire moor town, on 27th October, 1728.

His mother a local lass; his father a Scots-born farm labourer, struggling to make a go of it. When Jamie was 8, the family moved to Great Ayton. Mr Cook had received an appointment as bailiff to the Lord of the Manor.

Young James was considered a likely lad, a bit dour, a bit quick tempered, but steady and dedicated. He went on to the land. There was simply nothing else offering. Couldn't adjust to it and was lucky enough to get apprenticed to a Mr Saunderson, haberdasher in the neighbouring fishing village of Staithes. 18 months of this, and he was restless again. Sight and talk of tall ships fired his imagination. He wanted to go to sea. But he was 18, most apprentices started at 12 or 13, but again, the understanding Mr Saunderson could pick that Jamie Cook was a comer not an idle drifter. With Jamie's parents permission, he took him to the coastal town of Whitby, where in 1746 he arranged for his apprenticeship to the well respected Walkers, a ship-owning Quaker family.

For a man who was one day to circumnavigate the world in uncharted waters, struggling against hurricanes and ice flows, it was an ideal training ground. Whitby sailed coal ships to Newcastle and London, with a daily hazard of racing tides, sand banks, poorly marked roadsteads and frequent gales.

It was a hard life and death was commonplace.

One late autumn voyage 15 ships sailed from Whitby and got caught in sudden gales. Overnight, 9 of the ships went down with all hands. But Whitby was proud of its sailing tradition. Masters claimed you could always tell a Whitby man.

Young Jamie Cook soon realised this was his vocation. Just as he soon conveyed to his employers that he was there to carve out a career, not to sea-horse around. When Whitby ships laid up in the winter months, it was ex-

pected that apprentices could study in the Walker's attic, if they had a mind to. James Cook got stuck into his swot so diligently that the Walker's "even provided him with his own table and candle."

After 9 years, by Whitby standards, James Cook was a success story.

He had served in 4 different Walker ships, shown clearly that he had it in him, and had risen from apprentice, to able seaman, then 3 years as mate. He was shortly to be offered command of a Walker collier. Ultimately a chance to skimp and save, put a few bob together and who knows maybe buy a

COOK THE MAN

By a contemporary: "His constitution was strong, his mode of living had no repugnance to good living, however. He always kept a good table, though he could bear the reverse without murmuring. He was a modest man and rather bashful; of an agreeable lively conversation, sensible and intelligent. In his temper he was somewhat hasty, but of a disposition the most friendly, benevolent and humane. His person was above 6 feet high, his hair, which was dark brown, he wore tied behind. His face was full of expression, his nose exceedingly well-shaped, his eyes which were small and of a brown cast, were quick and piercing, his eyebrows prominent, which gave his countenance altogether an air of austerity."

few shares in one of the ships. It was the traditional local pattern of those who had it made, in the coal shipping trade.

But if Bob Charles suddenly announced he intended to spend the rest of his life as a ships steward, he wouldn't raise more eyebrows than when James Cook said he was chucking the chance of being Captain of a Whitby collier, and intended to join the Royal Navy on the lower deck.

On a Whitby ship, he was his own boss, could soon develop a routine of his own. In the navy he had everyone's boot under him, in an age of unconscionable discipline and personal favourites. There was the knowledge of heavy casualties from close broadsides by men-o'-war, hand to hand fighting, and the certain knowledge, like Bomber Command in the last war, that after every trip not everyone could expect to return. Scurvy decimated ships crews in those days, frequently killing 30 or 40 men every trip and seriously affecting the health of thousands of others.

And, he could never hope to break through as an officer. His limited schooling and upcountry background stamped him as a bah gummer for the rest of

his life. Advancement in Royal Navy in those days was straight out family influence and social contacts ashore. Competence and seamanship hardly came into it.

Yet James Cook knew his own heart, just as he knew that the sea life was

Personally, I think Cook could see that service on Whitby colliers wasn't getting him anywhere. There was promise of an exciting life when his first ship was "Freelove". Then he was assigned to continuing association with "Three Brothers", one outing with "Mary", and then the good wholesome "Friendship". He could see it was getting him nowhere!

the only life. He could never be really happy as just master of a Whitby collier.

The man who took the first European steps in Australia would have understood the thousands of supporters on The Hill at Sydney Cricket Ground, who would have urged "have a go, Jim".

Because, mind made up, he did. Gambling that with so many lower decks crewmen press ganged from shore jobs, and with the really capable seadogs not consumed with ambition as he was, if he did his job well, learned all he could and kept plugging away, he must come right.

And so it proved.

War had broken out between Britain and France. There was a call to arms for likely lads. In the humble position of A.B. Cook went to Portsmouth to join the 60 gun man-o'-war "Eagle", in 1755 (four times as big as his last Whitby collier "Friendship").

In just a few months he showed those aboard what it meant to be a Whitby man.

Promoted to masters mate (Petty Officer) it gave him a chance to train in the practical side of navigation. When others were off duty grogging up, James Cook was always asking for something else to do . . . looking for yet another chance to prove himself.

It did not go unnoticed, particularly by Captain Hugh Palliser (the first person, but not the last, of real power and influence, who saw in young Cook the ability that breaks through all regimentation and normal standards). On a petition set up by understandably proud Mr Walker of Whitby, supported by local M.P.'s, pushed by discerning Captain Palliser, James Cook was ultimately granted a commission, because "it best serves the interests of His Majesty's Navy". But Cook never never

never forgot the wretched living conditions and appalling disregard for diet and hygiene that was his lot on the lower deck.

On his 29th birthday, in October 1757, after 2½ years in the Navy, he was appointed to the Pembroke, a 60 gun vessel which sailed shortly afterwards to attack French possessions in North America.

But a French officer (Bouganville, who later explored the Pacific himself) slipped through the British blockade and alerted Quebec that the redcoats were coming. But the French didn't give a damn. They had 14,000 men under Montcalm, and knew that once before the British had tried to ship 5000 men up the St. Lawrence. An attack abandoned because ships went aground with chaotic confusion and tragic loss of life. So just for the clincher, the French pulled out all the guide pegs in the St. Lawrence.

THE IMPACT OF SCURVY

On Cook's first naval vessel, "The Eagle", after just a few months at sea around the British coast, and almost within daily sight of land, they had to bury 22 at sea, and land another 130 seriously ill, all stricken with scurvy.

In 1758, a strong fleet left Plymouth to take 14,000 men to Halifax as a base to harass the French. By the time they got there, so many had died, so many were ill, that the whole idea had to be called off for a year. Scurvy had conquered them without firing a shot.

Cook was awarded the Copley Medal for his paper, presented to the Royal Society, on how to combat scurvy in ships. In a letter home to Secretary Stephens of the Admiralty, in October 1770, from Batavia, he wrote, "Magellan and Drake arrived home with more than half their men dead. I have the satisfaction to say I have not lost one man by sickness during the whole voyage."

In New Zealand waters, Surville arrived in Doubtless Bay with 60 men dead from scurvy and the rest all seriously ill. Marion had to stop any further exploration and set up hospital tents in the Bay of Islands. Yet Cook twice circumnavigated our planet (each voyage lasting 3 years) without the loss of a single man from the dreaded disease. Weevil ridden biscuits and salt pork were the dietary staples of the 18th century sailor, but Cook insisted that his men ate as much fresh fruit and vegetables as they could secure in port, and while at sea, he added to the menu such items as sauerkraut, salted cabbage, marmalade of carrots, extract of oranges and lemons, mustard, vinegar malt, wheat and fresh fish.

But there was more to it than diet. On the second Voyage of Discovery, after a month at sea, the Adventure had 20 cases of scurvy, while the Resolution under Captain Cook had none. The Adventure was following Cook's dietary control, but was not practicing his other requirements. He insisted on cleanliness at all times; airing the quarters, and iron pots of charcoal fires (heating foul air and driving it out of the ship).



... at sea in the "Endeavour"

Courtesy Fisher & Paykel

But it is times like this that mocking Destiny throws a Churchill or a Cook across the pages of our global history books.

It became Cook's job to chart the St. Lawrence so British ships of the line could sail right up and bring their fire power to bear on Quebec. Working at night, in open boats, muffled oars, rowlocks greased with mutton fat, with never more than a shaded lantern and often just a flickering candle, he painstakingly set about soundings and bearings, up river. Hiding not only from the French, but also the Indians (one story has it, a scalping party rushed the stern of his boat just as Cook scrambled like hell out the bow). One wonders how many men could have prepared Cook's chart, but fortunately for Britain, it was being done by the most gifted marine surveyor the world has ever seen. Before the actual attack, another man, named James, also 32 years of age, used to seek out Cook's company and go over the charts and soundings with him. Stiffened by rheumatism and suffering from TB of the kidneys, this man lost his life in the Quebec attack, but won the day for his country. His name was General James Wolfe. In June 200 warships and transports sailed up this channel without

a single casualty.

Later, Cook stayed on to chart the St. Lawrence

... both east of Quebec and as far west as Montreal. Did such a sound job, received a bonus of £50 "in consideration of his indefatigable industry in making himself master of the pilotage of the river". Admiral Lord Colville, commander-in-chief of the North American station, sent home for publication his meticulously drawn charts with recommendation to Admiralty that Cook had the makings and should be employed some time "on greater undertakings of the same kind".

He returned to England towards end of 1762, was paid off his ship, and 6 weeks later married a London girl, Elizabeth Batts. They were married on 21st December, at St. Margaret's, Barking, on £291 he had stashed in his kick, after Naval service. He was 34, she was 21. A Navy officer's wife just accepted her lot in those days. There was no arguing the toss about Saturday afternoon golf, or a beer with the boys (on his later voyages of discovery he was away 3 years at a time), she just accepted that for the first 5 years of their marriage, whilst he spent the winters in England working on his

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Marton, near Wanganui, was named after Captain Cook's birthplace, Marton-in-Cleveland, a small inland village on the top right-hand corner of Yorkshire, now being absorbed by the spreading industrial town of Middlesborough.

The 2-room thatched cottage where he was born has gone (the place is now occupied by a birdbath), but nearby is a modern housing estate with streets like "Captain Cook's Crescent", "Tasmanian Square", "Auckland Avenue", "Melbourne Close". There is the Captain Cook county square, and as a concession to a changing world, "The Captain Cook Country Club".

The cottage where the Cook family lived in Great Ayton (moved there when James was 8) came on the market in 1933. When it didn't reach its reasonable reserve the State of Victoria stepped in and bought it for £800, had it shipped out to Melbourne and re-assembled in Fitzroy Gardens.

At the village school, Cook was remembered as a leader, rather than a scholar. The upper storey of this school is now a Cook Museum, a beamed and white-washed room containing photographs of Cook and his associates, household objects and pottery belonging to his wife. Cook's mother and 5 of her children are buried in the churchyard of All Saints, Great Ayton. She died in 1765, and her husband remained in the village until 1772 when he went to live in Redcar with a married daughter. He died in 1779, 2 months after Captain Cook, and was buried nearby at Marske.

Cook led the way in life and death. There is a monument to him (one of over 200 scattered around the world) in Great Ayton, which stands at the edge of the 1064ft. high Easby Moor. It was found after the war that the Luftwaffe used the Cook monument as a marker, to line up for bombing runs on Tee-side shipyards.

Did you know that the quadrant used by Cook is on show in the Dunedin Museum.

1969 is officially Cook Year in Gisborne, and in October 1969 there's an official Cook Week.

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued

charts, he spent every summer off Newfoundland or Labrador charting the waters. On his first return home to London late in 1763, Cook found he was the father of a 6 weeks old son, James.

After 7 years he was appointed "King's Surveyor", in recognition of his skill. Typical that, quite outside his normal surveying activities, in August 1766 he took advantage of the eclipse of the sun to fix the position of the Burgeon Island. Calculations set down in his meticulous hand were submitted to the Royal Society who proclaimed Cook to be "a good mathematician and very expert in his business". (Not bad for a poorly educated farm labourer's son whose reasonable expectancy should have been toiling in the fields and a pint in the local.)

The famous astronomer Halley predicted that the transit of Venus would occur in 1769 and not again for another 100 years. Halley pleaded that those alive respect the importance.

The Royal Society, put on its mettle, wanted to show that British astronomers were inferior to none. A committee was set up to heed Halley's plea. 3 places were chosen. One of them in the South Pacific where the Marquesas Islands had been discovered in 1595, then lost again. Cook was selected to captain the ship, but where to? Could he find the Marquesas in time? Fortunately, back from a Pacific wandering came the British ship "Dolphin" raving about a place called Tahiti, which was just the place to observe heavenly bodies. Yes, they had its correct longitude marked, so a Cook-led expedition was planned for there. The project was referred to King George III, "Sire, we must fit out a scientific expedition to observe this phenomena." His Majesty approved and, better still, made a State grant of £4,000 to back the expedition.

Joseph Banks came on the voyage at his own expense, as gentleman botanist.

Cook was a taciturn 40, and after 13 years of Naval service, still a 6-bob-a-day man. Banks was a man of private fortune, and an ebullient 24.

Cook, ever the competent seaman, declined racy, showy vessels, and chose the craft he was familiar with and trusted in unknown, unchartered seas. A Whitby collier of 368 tons, length 105 feet, helm 29 feet, 5ft. freeboard.

In shipping trade she was described as cat-built, broadfloor, apple-cheeked,

round tumbling in sides, straight cut-water, sheer decks, square above the waist, poop rising above, high taffrail culminating in gigantic fixed lanthorn, no spritsail or hanging square sail for scudding, hull square, stern back. If you know what I am talking about, drop me a line, and then I might. I gather that she was a roomy, excellent seaboard, and about as fast as an amphibious tank on Lake Wakatipu, with a spinnaker up. The ship chosen was the former Earl of Pembroke, purchased for £2,840/10/11, renamed the Endeavour. Crew of 71, 12 marines, 11 supernumeries.

Dr Daniel Carl Solander (1736-1782) was the official naturalist on the Endeavour. He was a Swede who came to reside in England in 1760. He was closely associated with Banks, whose secretary and librarian he afterwards became. In 1773, he was appointed keeper of the Natural History Department of the British Museum.

Joseph (later Sir Joseph) Banks (1743-1820) was an honorary member of the Endeavour's company, travelling as a naturalist at his own expense. He was created a baron in 1781. His natural history collections are preserved in the British Museum. When he joined the Endeavour his personal tax free income would be the equivalent on today's standard of $\frac{1}{4}$ million dollars a year. When he came on board the Endeavour, in addition to all his masses of personal and botanists gear, he sailed with 2 footmen, 2 coloured servants and 2 greyhounds. But that was nothing compared with his preparations for the second voyage (only he didn't make it). In addition to the standard explorers equipment above, he had his own private orchestra, plus the girl friend dressed as a cabin servant. They were to explore the Antarctic, what a great help to the side he would have been, with Cook shouting, roaring above the storm, while the men clung to wind swept icy rigging, Banks would have been dancing with the cabin boy, while the band played on.

1st VOYAGE, 1768-1771

Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, Tierra del Fuego,
Tahiti, New Zealand, New Holland,
Batavia, Cape Town, England.

Amid the fluttering of kerchiefs, shouts and farewells, Endeavour must have looked a brave sight as she sailed from Plymouth, England, on August 26th, 1768. But the loudest noise of all came from the ship's goat, piteously and overpoweringly. She had just been round the Pacific on the "Dolphin". Perhaps aware that she was in for another 2 years of no green grass, and nothing night and morning but seamen's cold chapped hands yanking at her.

(The company also included Mrs Cook's cousin, Isaac Smith, aged 16, who enrolled as an AB, became a mid-

shipman during the voyage, eventually rose to become a rear-admiral.)

They crossed the Equator on October 26th (choice of a ducking or payment of a bottle of rum).

On alternate days, all hands had portable soup and sauerkraut.

Calls were made at Madeira, on September 13th, and at Rio on 13th November, 1768. Because they looked so unlike a British ship of the line (it was a time of smugglers and pirates) the citizens of Rio were disbelieving of a cruise of exploration and were most unco-operative. They rounded Cape Horn on 24th January, 1769.

On April 15th, the ship's company saw the horizon smudge of Tahiti. **Cook set up an observatory and spent 3 months in Tahiti.** The Tahitians were

Roman ships were sometimes sheathed in lead. Arab ships with coatings of lime mixed with camel fat. European ships with a skin of extra planking. In 1768, copper sheathing was still experimental, so Cook gave the Endeavour an additional skin of light planking over the usual deterrents, nailed on with thousands of flat headed nails driven home as closely as possible. Somewhere in there she was also painted and protected with products made by Lewis Berger, founder of Berger paints. I don't know what their products are like now, if you are thinking of painting your weatherboard bungalow, but if you are thinking of trying to make the Taupo scene, man, in a 368-ton full-rigged Whitby collier, don't forget the name.

accomplished pickpockets, very soon relieving them of a spy-glass and a snuff-box.

Parkinson gave what to me is an admirable description of the volcanic island: "the land appeared as uneven as a piece of crumpled paper."

The transit of Venus was to take place on May 2nd. The whole project might have been thwarted, when a Tahitian stole the quadrant so vital for the observations. Fortunately for astronomers and history, the instrument was recovered, and Mr Sporing, who doubled as watch repairer in his spare time, successfully put it back in workable condition. It was never quite as new, but they were at least able to use it.

When he finally sailed, Cook, no doubt like many others on active service, somewhat apprehensively opened his sealed orders — marked Top Secret, which he was to open after observing the transit of Venus. They were straightforward enough: try and find the Southern Continent!

"You are to proceed Southward in order to make discovery of the Continent, until you arrive in a latitude of 40, unless you fall sooner

in with it, in that you are to proceed in search of it to the westward between the latitude before mentioned and the latitude 45 until you discover it, or fall in with the eastern side of the land discovered by Tasman and now called New Zealand." And to obtain for His Majesty's Domain, and the Dignity of Great Britain "as many lands and possessions as can be mustered."

But he was to do it quietly, no point in alerting other nations of his intentions. The Spanish felt they owned the Pacific anyway, and the French were anxious to find new territories lost to them in North America.

Originally, Cook's journal of the trip was written in longhand, in triplicate. Most pages have been lost, although a few sheets are still preserved in the Australian Museum in Sydney. Admiralty orders of the day enjoined that the Captain should keep a journal of the day by day activities. (Captain Villiers says the under vaults of the British Admiralty to this day are filled with journals of the old seafaring days.) A copy of Cook's Journal was to be posted to the Admiralty every 6 months, or as soon after as was possible. One complete set was always missing, and since it turned up later, in his family, it looked as if secretary to the Admiralty, Sir Philip Stephens, flogged a copy. I hope that it is just coincidence that the island in Cook Strait, named after him,

is the breeding ground of the Tuatara, the world's surviving reptile.

It was Saturday afternoon, 7th October, 1769, that from the masthead came the call

"Landho . . ."

"Whereaway" . . . the helmsman roared back.

Dear Mum,

Alexander Home, master mate in the Discovery, wrote back to his family (as many a serviceman has done since) complaining about service life meals. His complaints were against the compulsory anti-scorbutic soup, which could be all or any of the following: grass, penguin, walrus, salted cabbage, marmalade of carrots, extract of oranges and lemons, mustard, vinegar, fresh fish, malt and wheat.

"But as there was nothing else to be got there were obliged to eat them and it was no uncommon thing when swallowing over these messes to curse him heartily and wish for god's sake that he might be obliged to eat such damned stuff mixed with his broth as long as he lived."

Victualling of ships was a scandalous thing in those days. Poor quality at top prices, short weight was the accepted practice for the lower deck. Alleged salt beef was often salt horse. It was no rarity to find hooves and shoes at the bottom of the barrel.

"Port bow, bearing West by North."

New Zealand had been sighted again, and in the ship's log was made the historic entry,

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"Gentle breezes and settled weather. At 2 p.m. saw land from the masthead bearing W. by N. which we stood directly for, and could but just see from the deck at sunset."

It took 2 days to beat right into anchorage at Gisborne, and early Monday afternoon a party went ashore. Captain Cook, Mr Banks and Dr Solander were there with boat parties. Uncertainty over their contact with the natives caused a withdrawal to the ship.

They were ashore again next morning, on the eastern bank of the Turanga River. The same three, but this time joined by Green, Monkhouse, Tupia the Tahitian interpreter and a body of Marines. It was a futile and frustrating encounter (see page 23).

He sailed south along the coast after

(please turn to page 19)



Allan Mitchell: History of New Zealand series.
Captain Cook landing at Gisborne.

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One quarter of the whole population of New Zealand lives within a 100 mile radius of its 7th largest city.

A city of 50,000 population, with 14,000 homes, a city area of 10,600 acres, 7 per cent of it in parks and play areas, may well have been in the mind of Stephen Charles Hartley as he pushed his way through fern gulleys and stands of totara, matai and kahikatea in 1847 to the 600 acre bush clearing the Maoris called Papaioea.

But surely he could hardly guess that on this clearing would grow the town that was first in the world to adopt the principle of rating on unimproved value of land.

Named after Lord Palmerston (a former Premier of Great Britain). Equidistant from the main centres of Taranaki, Hawkes Bay, Wairarapa and the Capital city.



Photo: Manawatu Standard

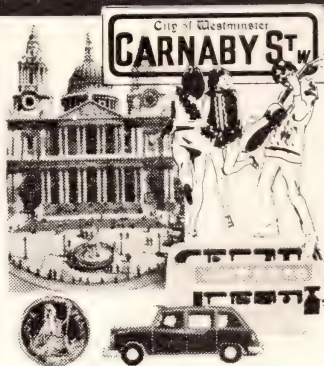
The Square, Palmerston North.

The city made a slow start (20 years after Hartley pushed aside creeper and vine, there were still only 30 Europeans living here). Outlying land could be bought for £1 an acre (today considered the productive grassland equal of any in the world). Posting a letter, and receiving mail, meant riding horseback to Foxton (28 miles away), and families did it on a roster basis.

Proclaimed a borough in 1877, a city in 1930, there is an expected 70,000 population by 1980. (It's to be hoped that building costs still remain the 2nd lowest in New Zealand.)

The image of Palmerston North will always centre around its 17 acre Square gardens in the heart of the City. Four separate areas of gardens, trees, manicured lawns, fountains, and lily ponds. But situated as the city is on the banks of the Manawatu River, long term plans include a weir, to back up water into a slow moving wide scenic waterway.

With some logic, locals proclaim "there's enough water flowing past Palmerston North every day to float a navy, why don't we use it for pleasure boats?"



London is good for night life
day tours, short skirts,
tall buses, gear, beer We're
good for the Rolls-Royce 707
With the big armchair seat
Direct flights Together,
we make for a good trip



ALL OVER THE WORLD BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

 **BOAC**

WITH AIR-INDIA, AIR NEW ZEALAND AND QANTAS



A DINERS CLUB CARD IN PALMERSTON NORTH

DINERS CLUB is the world-wide credit card organisation, with ramifications in 135 countries and geographical regions of the world. From an original charge facility for meals, Diners credit cards now embrace almost every aspect of trading and tourism. From international airlines to ski landings on Mount Cook. You can charge a hair-styling in Mexico City, or a Turkish bath in Tokyo. Medical or dental care in South America, or funeral arrangements in Denver. Charge a hire row boat on Sydney harbour or a conducted tour of the Taj Mahal. Costs no more to charge it than to pay cash. And you eliminate the worry of carrying too much money with you. To say nothing of the usual constant concern about whether you are sufficiently well-known to avoid the embarrassment of not having a cheque accepted—or the threat of running short of funds unexpectedly in this, or any other country. A Diners Club card puts a whole banking system in your wallet. Once you have made a purchase, local Diners Club pays the account for you. Following month you get a statement (supported by your signed dockets giving a complete record of your spending). Whether you've been round New Zealand, or round the world — it's just one reimbursement cheque to DINERS CLUB. There's no fuss, no bother, and no surcharge for their services.

HOTELS

Majestic (see Page 17)

Commercial Hotel, in the very heart of town, right across The Square from the Post Office. Singles \$7.50 to \$8.00 per person, full tariff. 34 beds, Tv lounge and with the adjacent land cleared from the old railway yards, there is ample flat land for cars, caravans or Concord takeoffs.

Masonic Hotel on the main road coming in from Wellington, a few blocks from The Square. Smaller and quieter than some city hotels. 19 beds, Tv lounge. Ample car and caravan parking close by. Very good table at \$6.05 per person full tariff (all meals).

Greyton Travel Hotel in Grey Street. Do you know where Fowler Motors is? Would you believe not far from Newmans? It is on the Northern or Hospital perimeter of the downtown area. Few minutes walk from the Post Office. Quiet family atmosphere, member of the Travel Hotel Federation. 18 beds, with a bed/breakfast tariff of \$2.90 and \$3.75 for dinner/bed/breakfast. Tv lounge and laundry facilities. Off-street parking.

MOTELS

Fitzherbert Motels. This complex of motel facilities has a right to make any town proud prone. Sited right on the corner of Fitzherbert Avenue and the first set of traffic lights as you come over the Fitzherbert River bridge in from Wellington. 35 rooms (21 with kitchenette). Large heated swim pool and now building a smart new restaurant and licensed tavern, conference rooms. Tariff from \$6.00 up.

Palmerston North Motels, 66 Linton Street. One of the streets parallel to Fitzherbert Avenue, running from the city down towards The Esplanade. Garden surroundings. Always seem to be expanding, so unless they have shares in a sash and door company somewhere, they must be popular and doing the business. Serviced units \$5 single, \$6 for two. Motel flats \$7.50 per night. Continental breakfast 50 cents extra.

United Motel, Pioneer Highway. The main road coming in to Palmerston North from the Foxton/Wellington road. Spaciously set out with swimming pool. Close to town, quieter

atmosphere. Served from \$4.75 single, \$7.00 double, \$2.50 each extra. Self-contained \$7.50 single, \$8.50 double. Continental breakfast and Tv included in tariff. Cooked breakfast 80 cents.

RESTAURANTS

Bistro, 38 Fitzherbert Avenue. Just about opposite the Majestic Hotel and if you do not know where that is, it is just about opposite the Bistro. About 200 yards from the Square. Licensed luncheon and dinner a la carte menu. Noon to 2.30 p.m., 6 p.m. to midnight.

Embers—do you know the traffic roundabout on the corner of Broadway and Princess — well anyone will direct you to the Embers on the corner there. 8 a.m.-8.30 p.m. Full a la carte — omelette, seafoods, steaks, chicken. Chef of 20 years experience. Continental trained. Snack bar, morning and afternoon tea, take-aways.

Monties Restaurant (licensed). This is a small restaurant with a modified English doyley mood. Light luncheon 12-2 p.m. and from 6 p.m. onwards to late evenings, on an a la carte menu.

RENTAL CARS

Grundy's in George Street, at the back of the D.I.C. building (used to be Milne's, which used to be Ross's), the big building in the West of the Square. Grundy's offer late model vehicles on a rent-it-here-leave-it-there basis, and have a network link with Mutual Rental Cars throughout New Zealand. Normally get them at 84-284, but after hours try 75-707.

Tasman Rental Cars nationally advertised New Zealand wide network. Modern cars of all makes and sizes (now none of your matchbox toys nonsense, be serious). They gladly meet all trains, planes, and there is no extra delivery charge around the city. Rent-it-here-leave-it-there facility. Their depot is Newmans Coachlines phone at 77-079, but they offer any time after hours service (no extra charge) by phoning 80-328.

TRAVEL FACILITIES

National Airways Corporation gladly accepts Diners Club cards for any National Airway flights and they offer the full facilities of their world-wide travel ramifications. Their office is corner Princess and Main Streets. Public rest rooms. Hours: Monday to Friday, 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; Saturday, 8 a.m. to 3.00 p.m.; Sunday, 12 noon to 5.00 p.m.

Newmans Coach Lines accepts Diners Club cards on all their facilities, whether it is their 5 services a day to and from Palmerston North to Napier or Wellington, or on their vast network of Scenic Coach Tours visiting tourist highlights in both Islands. Their travel offices can handle all New Zealand internal air/rail/road and ferry services . . . even your overseas bookings. Hours: Monday to Saturday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (late night Friday); Sunday, Lunch hours. Newmans depot close to town, has public cafeteria, facilities, a service to their own clients, Palmerstonians or visitors to the city. Public rest rooms.

SERVICE STATIONS

Central Service Station on Fitzherbert Avenue. Like the Windmill Theatre they Never Close. A 24 Hour Service, 8 days a week. Yes, that is the kind of service they give, whether it is gas, battery or tyre replacements, fast charge service, breakdown and mechanical backup. Only a tyre lever throw from the Square.

Opera House Service Station—if you have lost your road map, had a few, can't read street names and blind in one knee, just look for the tallest spire on the flat Palmerston landscape. That is St. Patrick's Church. Well, I am not saying they offer a wheel balancing service, but right across the street is the Opera House Service Station. All Europa station, with complete general service, tyre, batteries, 7 days a week from 7.30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Quin's Service Station, Rangitikei Line (now that's the main road coming in or going out to Wanganui). Shell station with full lubrication and general service. It is just by the traffic ramp on the outskirts of town, first one you come to, so you don't have a traffic problem. Open 7 days a week, 7.30 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Supreme Service Station. The first coming the other way from Wellington along Pioneer Highway. It has full service station facilities 7.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. (to midday on Saturday), petrol, lubrication, tyres, batteries, accessories.

OTHER SERVICES

Bruce Watt Photographic Studios Ltd. I am not going to go through all this again, but it is just about opposite the Majestic Hotel, which is near the Bistro, which is near the Central Service Station, all of which are in

Palmerston. But Bruce's place has a large yellow facade, with his name on the outside which is fairly difficult to read until you have actually got right through the Gorge. It is the largest and most comprehensive range of photographic supplies in town, with advice cheerfully given on all aspects of holiday photography. 24 hour film processing service. 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. late nights to 9 p.m. For 30 cents there is also a museum of old cameras going back over the last 100 years. Well worth a visit.

Mowlems Pharmacy on Broadway. Down toward the Embers Restaurant, about opposite the Regent Theatre. Immediate prescription service, full cosmetic range, all holiday needs and gifts, film development service, 2 days (will post on).

Armstrong & Springhall, a full range of office equipment, office sales, and typewriter service. Agents in Palmerston North for Olivetti and Fiatt office machines.

H. L. Young Limited. This firm is a natural magnet for out-of-towners, and visitors to Palmerston. They have the usual booksellers range, cards, travel goods and the like, but they also specialise in New Zealand souvenirs. So, if you missed something in one of the other centres, try H. L. Young, you would have as much show there as anywhere else outside the four main centres.

Where to Go . . .

Amid 700 acres devoted to parks and recreational centres, favoured places include

The Esplanade and Botanical Gardens (1½ miles from Post Office). 48 acres of natural bush, rose garden, cherry blossom drive, camp site, aviary and children's play area.

Memorial Park (1½ miles). Open-air athletic stadium. Used by sports bodies, 490-yard banked cycle track and terraced amphitheatre seating for 3600. The full 12 acres include paddling and swimming pools, skating and picnic walks.

Motor Camp (1 mile) immediately adjacent to Esplanade and Lido. Modern furnished cabins, tent and caravan sites in parkland setting. Charges obtainable from camp caretaker, 80-349.

Radio and Electric House, alongside Manhattan in the Square. (I think this Diners business is infectious.) You can get lit in there quicker than you can at the Bullrush Hotel, because they have just about every range of table light from miners lamps to laser beams.

Lane and Hill (on Broadway). Full range and radio and electrical services. Refrigerators, lampshades, lights, record bar, Tv repairs.

The Record Hunter in the Stafford Arcade (on Broadway). Stockists of all records, rock, jump, soul, swing, push, climb, bite or wheelbarrow. They've got the lot. If you can whistle it, they can get it. If they can't, either you're not in tune, or it isn't pressed. They claim the widest selection of discs in swingin' ole Palmie. They are specialist consultants on high fidelity or stereo. They have disc clearing preparations (as a matter of fact I could do with a drop on my back) — cloths, fluids, mail order service. Normal shop hours, and a special range of budget price records.

Manhattan Menswear claim to have one of the most extensive ranges in menswear in the whole of the North Island. Largest stockist in town of Don Marquis sports slack and shorts, and Cambridge suiting. Lightweight suits, permanently pressed shorts and sports trousers, a natural shopping mecca for holiday visitors. Situated right in the Square, anyone will tell you where.

Palmerston North Airport (3½ miles). Terminus for first England - New Zealand flight, and in 1956, venue for world's first Agricultural Aviation Show.

Lido (1½ miles). Palmerston North's \$500,000 aquatic recreation centre. Picnic area, Olympic pool and family swimming facilities.

Art Gallery corner Grey and Carroll Streets. Hours: Monday - Friday 12 noon to 5 p.m.; Friday evening 7.30 to 9 p.m.; Sunday 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Saturday.

Anzac Park. 2½ miles from aside road on the main Wellington road over Fitzherbert Bridge. Lookout car park gives complete panoramic view of Manawatu Plains and city. Easy access and well worth visit.

Establishment of the Month . . .

MAJESTIC HOTEL



This is the hotel that does the business in Palmerston North.

Run by a Lion it's a Leopard Hotel, like the Royal Oak (Wellington), Mayfair (Hastings), Criterion (Napier) and Clyde (Wairoa), and they knock the spots off most hotels when it comes to service. It's one of two hotels in Palmerston which has an automatic let's-see-if-we-can-get-in-there-first rating with visitors, and booking-on-behalf-of locals.

Close to the Square. Ample parking, well maintained public rooms. 44-bed hotel . . . tariff singles from \$5.50, twins from \$6.00 (tariff includes breakfast).

Part of Palmerston way of life . . . is the city's only smorgasborg licensed luncheon, a Majestic dining room feature, midday to 2 p.m., Monday to Saturday. Charge is \$1.20. And that's as much as you can carry away . . . and with someone lifting the other side of the plate. Not only soups, hot entrees, desserts . . . but salads and 7 kinds of cold meat. If you don't think it's great value then you must have a champion North Island coronary coming up.

Last year the touring Australian Golden Coast promotion party met the Majestic Hotel smorgasborg luncheon head-on. I was there when Mayor of Surfers Paradise, Alderman Bruce Small, made a point of tracking down mine hosts Keith and Betty Guthrie . . . to tell them, straight-up, that the group had voted the meal the best luncheon anywhere in New Zealand.

As he lavished himself with a third ladle of whipped cream, Surfers Paradise Public Relations Officer, Les Jabara, confided, "I'm killing myself in this country. If I ever see a better meal than this I'm going vegetarian."

DINERS



CLUB



Captain Villiers

CAPTAIN COOK

The Seaman's Seaman

by Alan Villiers

It is not presumptuous for the definitive book on Captain Cook to be written by Alan Villiers. Many would claim that it would take someone of the magnitude and longitude of James Cook to do justice to a seafaring biography of Aussie-born Captain Villiers.

There are just about as many Moas around today as there are deep sea, Cape Horning master mariners in sail, capable of going to sea in tall ships before the free wind, knowledgeably taking and using what comes.

Like Cook, Alan Villiers served a hard apprenticeship in sail, in his case on Tasman Sea barques. Like Cook, he knew what it was to buck gales round North Cape for 3 weeks on end. Like Cook, he dedicated himself to his calling and for 50 years has been afloat in whalers, schooners, dhows, grain ships. Unlike Cook, he was not able to make a name for sea exploration (there was none left). But he made it as the world's most widely read saltwater writer. Books like "Posted Missing", "The Way of a Ship", "The Cutty Sark", "The Set of the Sails", "Cruise of the Conrad", "By Way of Cape Horn". Like Cook, he wrote best sellers (even if Cook's best selling journal edition did sell out in one day).

When the Endeavour was to sail in 1768, Cook was automatic choice as skipper. In 1968 when the Endeavour replica was to sail round the world on a bicentenary commemorative voyage, Villiers was automatic choice as skipper. Just as he was in 1957 when he commanded the Mayflower replica across the Atlantic. (But the Endeavour replica project had to be scrapped, for lack of funds.) You can no longer buy a full rigged ship for £2,840/10/11 as you could in Cook's day.

Captain Alan Villiers has the distinction of probably being the last man ever to sail a fully rigged ship (like Cook's) right round the world, as he did in the "Joseph Conrad" in 1936. His ship also went aground on Barrier Reef (like Cook's). Indeed, he used Cook's recipe to get off (carry the anchors out to hard ground, and then by crew-brained capstan, heave the ship off).

It is fitting that in 1969, Cook Year, when the Swedish American Line cruise ship "Kungsholm" made a commemorative cruise to New Zealand waters in February of this year, she should have on board as Cook lecturer . . . you know who.

CAPTAIN COOK . . . The Seaman's Seaman (see page 32) is the authoritative and fascinatingly readable man-to-man life of the Boy Wonder of Whitby. And it's a human story which tells how Cook spoke (with a Yorkshire accent), his build (6ft.), why he may have had ulcers, his widow's frequent assertion ("It would never have done for Mr Cook"). Pains-takingly researched to the nnnnnnnth degree (there's 2 full pages of acknowledgments to gleaned material sources). Which reminds me, it was from this Villiers book that I sto . . . I mean noticed some of the facts that went into this Digest article. What Alan Villiers doesn't know about James Cook would just about pack a seabird's egg, and still leave room for the Cullinan Diamond.

Captain Villiers, like Captain Cook, is pre-eminent in his field, or rather on the sea. Whenever he writes a book, we should all knowledgeably take and use what comes.

Because his like may never pass this way again.

Price \$4.60

LAND FROM THE MASTHEAD

By Philip Houghton

"Saturday, 7th October—Gentle breeze and settled weather. At 2 p.m., saw land from the Masthead bearing W. by N., which we stood directly for . . ."

Captain Cook's Journal.

Here's one way to commemorate 1969 as Cook Year. Sail round New Zealand, in the wake of the Endeavour, visiting actual places described in Cook's Journal (with a copy on board).

The ship: a 32ft. Bermudian cutter; the crew: a New Zealand doctor-skipper-author (been in 1963 Nepal with Sir Ed) and a climbing companion of those years, who had never stepped on a yacht before. His qualifications? He was a mountain man, compatible, adaptable . . . and had a First in English. The sailing side he could pick up on the way.

He was a good Cook. And as good Cook goes, they went. Right round both Islands, taking 5 months (as did the Endeavour). Unobtrusively informative, each landfall echo-sounding past comments of Tasman, Cook, De Surville, D'Urville, Du Fresne, Marsden. It's an easy lapping book. With a laudable love of history and country sewn through the mainsail of the story. (See page 32)

Price \$3.90

Both books from **HODDER AND STOUGHTON**.

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued (from page 9)

another skirmish with the local lads (read all about it on page 23).

The early missionary William Colenso in 1843-45 at Waimarama, met an aged Maori who remembered the Cape Kidnappers incident, and said 5 Maoris were killed and several injured.

Then North, towards the East Cape. Cook was amazed how word of the big winged ship spread along the coast as if by some bush telegraph. (Even

rounded toward Bay of Plenty. Came out biffing rocks just for openers. Cook was in no mood for nonsense and fired the guns over their heads. By the thundering powers of Te Kooti, that was different. The canoes turned on a pipi shell. Braves put their backs into paddling and canoes bow-waved back like a Hamilton jet boat. As they touched the beach, the occupants scattered to the bush. In all directions at once. At the treble.

Viewed from the passing ship it made a light diversion, and warranted the name Cape Runaway. Other Maoris still came alongside to trade fish, lobsters, and mussels. The ship's master was pleased to purchase fish for his stores, but not so pleased when Maoris

When the Endeavour dropped anchor at Tahiti, the vigilant Cook immediately tied up the ship's goat. The poor beast had nearly created an international incident when she was there in the "Dolphin" a year before. A paramount Tahitian chief stepped on board to pay his respects, with due ceremony and dignity. The goat zero-ed in on him from way along the deck and butted the Polynesian dignity adze over tiki into the lagoon (3-nil the visitors).

as far north as the Bay of Islands, canoes would come out and the natives would indicate that they wanted nails, although they had obviously no earlier contact with Europeans.)

Ashore at Tolaga Bay, made the first find of our unique cabbage tree. Cook had someone cut it down. Head taken

When the Dolphin visited Tahiti, the young maidens took a great fancy to nails. It was said that the wahines valued iron above virtue. The ships sailors had a charm that was both phallic and metallic, because they pulled so many spikes and long bolts out of the vessel, parts of her rigging all but collapsed. Endeavour crews went ashore. Captain Cook was both a realist as well as a visionary, because he came with barrels of nails, and records that the first ships crew "rowed with a lustiness most of them were soon to lose."

back to the ship and cooked for the men (this is from the tree, not the bloke who did it). The plant was named for the flavour. They also found a use for a nearby shrub (which thousands of camping Kiwis have every holiday season) and made a manuka broom. Wild celery was gathered, and scurvy grass, and they had a boil up. Cook made his men have their portable soup and oatmeal (sometimes a sort of meat extract, made up in thin cakes). This was experimental provisioning at the time. Some examples of the cakes still exist in the United Services Museum in Whitehall (they probably weren't any more palatable 200 years ago than they are today).

At East Cape, some of the locals rowed out in war canoes as Endeavour

Two of the Endeavour's crew, given a chance to explore the South Seas and possibly die of scurvy or be lost at sea, seemed to have no sense of values, and tapa garments flung carelessly about their loins, flowers in their hair, and with greedy rather than needy leers on their faces, allowed themselves to be borne away into the hills by giggling maidens. It was their intention to jump ship, but Cook held a chief hostage until they were returned, and because Tahitian's hated to see men flogged, did nothing about it until they were at sea, when they were given deserters lashings. However, taking the broad view, they were saved from a glorious death.

whipped the sheets which were over the side in the wash.

The Endeavour sailed into Mercury Bay, and anchored.

There was a small boy there named Te Horeta (died at Auckland aged 108). More than 80 years later when the gold miners came to Coromandel, he gave them an account of the great event of his youth. As children at the time, he recalled they thought the Endeavour's boat crew were goblins, who must have eyes in the back of their heads, because they rowed with their backs to the land. They could just point a walking stick at a bird . . . booomm. . . there was thunder and lightning and the birds fell dead. But

After the "Endeavour's" return, Mr Banks dined out, regaling Royalty and Gentry with his exciting tales of the South Pacific. Mr Banks was handsomely reported in the newspapers of the day, under various headings. Whether tut-tutting over the ship's company frolics in the lagoon with the maidens of Tahiti, or whether describing the lucky escape from grounding on Barrier Reef. It was hard to tell which story he was relating with one heading, which boldly proclaimed: "A Piece of Rock Sticking in her Bottom".

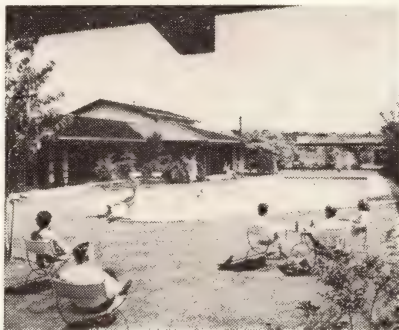
Mon Desir Motor Hotel...

a holiday hide-away right on Takapuna beach! Home in on its glorious garden setting; dine, dance and bask in the hospitality. Superb accommodation and an extensive a la carte menu. Just 5 minutes from central Auckland.



Poenamo Motor Inn...

a lively spot for the traveller! Stop in and enjoy the modern accommodation, heated pool and colonial restaurant. Right next door to the Golf Course and close to the Northern Motorway outlet, from Auckland.



Great stopping places!



Lake Hotel, Taupo...

a lakeside mecca for sportsmen and anglers — and a wonderful place to break a journey! Centrally heated accommodation and fine service. The 'Lake' also arranges fishing trips and excursions for the enthusiasts.



Commercial Hotel...

Hamilton's finest — the ideal base from which to visit the Waikato's varied tourist attractions. Restaurant, cocktail bar and 24 hour room service. Make it the 'heart' of your holiday!

A great welcome awaits at



Campbell and Ehrenfried Co. Ltd. Member Associated Hotels of New Zealand. Reservation service. Hotel Bookings throughout New Zealand.

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued

the goblins, who could take off their heads (wigs) and their skins (coats) were also kindly and gave them food, a substance like punga-punga or pumice stone (it was ships biscuit) and fatty food that nipped the throat (salt pork). Te Horeta as a small boy with the warriors, went to the ships and exchanged mats for goblin treasures. The boys said "ka pai" and the goblins said ka pai and everyone laughed. The children naturally kept very quiet and very still in case the goblins took a dislike to them and bewitched them. The lord of the goblins asked a chief of the tribe to draw and outline the coast in charcoal on the deck. The goblin rangatira was friendly and came and patted Te Horeta on the head and gave him a nail.

Sailing north, Cook named Cape Brett, because there was a hole pierced through a rock like the arch of a bridge. Named it after Sir Piercy Brett, one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

On Christmas Day 1769 Banks recorded, "Christmas Day, our Goose pye was eat with great approbation and in the evening all hands were as Drunk

As soon as anyone took-crook-with-Cook, it only needed a shout of "here comes the Old Man with his scurvy soup", and malingersers leapt from their beds as if recipients of some God-given plasma, and went straight up the mizzen. But actually Cook applied good practical psychology with recalcitrant appetites. Noticing there were few Olivers on the lower deck, he announced that henceforth it was to be an Officers Only brew. Then he had the lucky recipients act the layabout, sucking their teeth and saying "Wasn't that chopped up seal grouse" (although privately it was probably "didn't you think that chopped up grouse tasted like seal"). Anyway, the lower deck swallowed it, hook, line and seabird. Within a week, they were hanging around the galley (probably appointing a shop steward), but before long they laid a formal request that henceforth they wanted to be poisoned, same as the wardroom. Later, the noble brew had to be rationed, demand was so great.

as our forefathers used to be upon the like occasion." (It was gannet, not goose.)

They had a real struggle getting round North Cape.

Cook wrote in his log, "I cannot help thinking but what it will appear a little strange that at this season of the year, we should be 3 weeks in getting 10 leagues to the Westward and 5 weeks in getting 50 leagues, for so long is it since we passed Cape Brett; but it will hardly be credited that in the midst of Summer and in the latitude 35°, such a Gale of wind

(page 24, please)

DID YOU KNOW . . .

On Cook's third voyage, the sailing master on the Discovery was one Bill Bligh (Alan Villiers writes "who made other voyages, not all premeditated"). There is evidence to suggest that Captain Bligh was a much maligned man. In the Bounty log he wrote "until this afternoon I had hopes I could have performed the voyage without punishment to anyone". (Actually, out of a voyage lasting 16 months, with a stropo crew of 43, he had only 7 men flogged. This is virtually playway methods in those times.) This point was made to me 2 years ago in Tahiti, when I was a dinner guest with Bengt Danielson (one of the Kon-Tiki raftsmen, and a respected author and authority on Bligh, Bounty, Pitcairn, et al.). He was quite adamant that the mutiny was a manifestation, not of the inhumanity of Bligh, but of the personality defects of Fletcher Christian.

In strictly naval terms, second only to Nelson and despite the fact that he was never in a major battle, Cook is probably remembered as Britain's most famous Captain. Yet as a Navy career, it was inferior to Bligh's. Cook was a Captain for less than 4 years and Bligh was a Captain for 21 years, eventually rising to Vice-Admiral!

It is no use applying a 20th century mind to 18th or 19th century standards of punishment. The Rev. Samuel Marsden was a quick boy with a big stick, when he was Magistrate and owner of 3000 acres in N.S.W. In 1839 a man named Paterson recorded "I'm not going to trouble Church again if I can help it. We had a bellyful of Church I can tell you. Old Sam Marsden used to preach at us a hurricane one day, and the next used to get us 50 lashes for sneezing or coughing while he was talking." One story of those times guaranteed for its authenticity was when the Governor's lady sent the nurse girl to the officer in charge, requesting that another 10 strokes be laid on "to please the baby".

Did you know how Tolaga Bay got its name? Cook asked the name of the place and the local Maoris, thinking he was inquiring about a strong wind, said "Tarakaka". Cook did his best to record this phonetically and wrote down Tolaga.



Cook's Cove, Tolaga Bay. 1769

British Museum

200 years later.



The same place. 1969.

Gisborne P.R.O.

IT ALL STARTED IN POVERTY BAY

About 6 weeks out from Tahiti, Tasman's maps before him, Cook suspected approach of land, noting lighter colour of the sea, then seaweed, pieces of wood, porpoises and land birds. Called for extra vigilance from the lookouts. A gallon of rum for the first man to sight land. Surgeon's boy, 12-year-old Nicholas Young had a sense of history as well as horizons (he was first to spot England on the way home).

Joseph Banks' account of our historic sighting read —

"A small boy who was at the masthead called out land. I was luckily on deck and well I was entertained. Within a few minutes, the cry circulated and up came all hands. The land could not then be seen from the tops yet few were there who did not plainly see it from the deck, till it appeared that they had looked 5 points wrong. Weather most moderate. We came up with it very slowly. At sunset, myself was at the masthead. Land appeared much like an island or islands, but seemed to be large."

A new course was set. Endeavour sailed into the great semi-circular bay guarded on one side by a white papa cliff (Young Nick's Head). From the Maori point of view it was later recorded—

"Upon seeing a smaller bird unfledged (without sails) descend upon the water, and a number of parti-coloured beings, but apparently in the human shape also descent. Many of the natives observed that they felt themselves taken ill by only being particularly looked upon by these atua (gods)."

Cook's shore excursions were not successful. Natives tried to steal one of the ship's boats. A warning volley was fired to no avail and finally a Maori, in the act of hurling a spear, had to be shot dead. His companions pelted Endeavour's shore boat crew with rotten fish. That's tellin' them in any language. Even the wanting-to-be-friendly Cook got the message. Unable to obtain water or provisions they weighed anchor and stood out to sea.

His rough notes showed that he had first called it Endeavour Bay (in the Mitchell Library, Sydney, there are a few sheets of a draft log or journal, in Cook's handwriting, covering 9th October-27th November, 1769) then changed to Poverty Bay "because it afforded us no one thing we wanted". They had actually landed at the mouth of the Turanga River (by historical chance, in New Zealand's 24,000 miles of coastline), Turanga-nui-a-Kiwa, meaning "The Long Halting Place of Kiwa". Kiwa was navigating captain of the Takitimu canoe in the Great Fleet migration.

The ship was badly in need of fresh water. Cruising south, past a huge bay, named for the Lord of Admiralty (Hawke's Bay) in close to a big bluff (Ahuririri), a lagoon (Port Ahuriri), saw snow-capped ranges (Ruahines). Tupia's servant was snatched from the side of the Endeavour whilst he was hanging over the side bartering (Cape Kidnappers). The ship's company fired to protect him and in the confusion the boy leapt into the water and was rescued.

At Cape Turnagain on October 17th, they sailed north, back past what Banks was to write in his journal as "our old bay" and north to Tolaga. Canoes came out. The surf was heavy. The Maoris, realising this, directed Cook to a small bay (to this day still called Cook's Cove). It is a bight, running back about a mile between fairly steep hills. The Endeavour's ships company collected 70 tuns (a tun is a cask from which our ton derives its name). The barrels were rolled from the stream and floated out to boats, hoisted in and then rowed back to Endeavour. (Captain Cook's own drawing of the filling of water casks, is on the opposite page.)

Tolaga Bay in 1969 has its Cook Street, Banks Street, Solander Street, as it should, but for 18th Century world waiting for news and description of life in the antipodes, Parkinson the draftsman on the Endeavour (later to die of dysentery and fever contracted at Batavia) wrote—

"The country is agreeable beyond description and, with proper cultivation, might be rendered a kind of second Paradise. The hills are covered with beautiful flowering shrubs, intermingled with a great number of tall and stately palms. Between the hills we discovered some beautiful valleys, which are adapted either to cultivation or pasturage. The country abounds with different kinds of herbage fit for food. The natives, who are not very numerous, behaved very civil to us."

Banks Journals recorded—

October 24th, 1768. "This morn Dr Solander and myself went ashore botanising and found many new plants; the People behave perfectly well, not mixing with or at all interrupting our People in what they were about, but on the contrary selling them whatever they had for Otahite cloth (tapa cloth from Tahiti) and Glass bottles, of which they were uncommonly fond."

* * * *

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued from page 21

as we have had could have happened which for its strength and continuance was such as I hardly ever in before. Fortunately at this time we were a good distance from land, otherwise it would have proved fatal to us."

Down the West Coast of the North Island, on 11/1/70, Cook called the high mountain Egmont, after Earl of Egmont, first lord of the Admiralty (Tasman missed it presumably because it was in cloud), and guessed wrongly that it was higher than a peak they saw in Teneriffe (actually Egmont is 8260, Teneriffe's is 12,000).

BEER . . . well at Dusky Sound in 1773, Cook made this country's first drop. If you like a brew that sits firm against your ribs and makes your planks spread, here it is, right from the original Cookbook . . .

"Rimu and manuka leaves, molasses and wort of malt."

Kapiti he called Entry Island, then made for the sounds at the top of the South Island, where he ran up the flag and proclaimed in the name of Britain. Naming them after Her Majesty — Queen Charlotte Sounds.

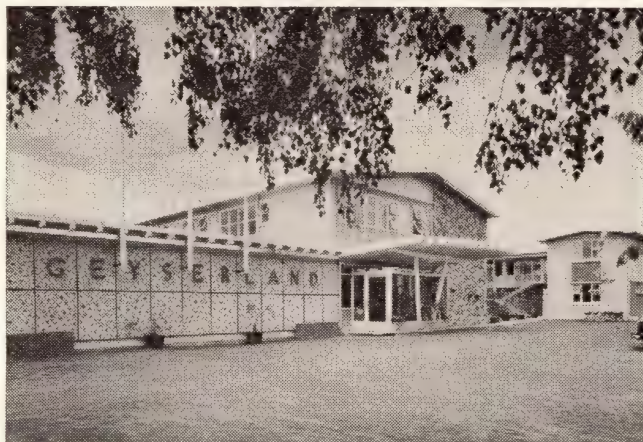
At a place they called Ship's Cove,

the Endeavour dropped the pick, and the crew netted 300lb of fish in one drag while Cook was ashore inspecting the area.

Endeavour was brought in on January 15th, 1770, remaining at anchor in Ship's Cove for just over 3 weeks.

The ship was careened and replenished with wood and water. On January 23rd, Cook crossed the sound and, climbing the hills to the east, looked out on his strait for the first time. "I was abundantly recompensed for the trouble I had ascending the Hill, for from it I saw what I took to be the Eastern Sea, and a Strait or passage from it into the Western Sea." 3 days later, accompanied by Banks and Solander, he climbed another height. "I had now seen enough of this passage I had before discovered, to Convince me that there was the greatest probability in the World of it running into the Eastern sea."

Generations of yachties and holiday makers will understand how Banks felt one morning when he awoke to the bellbirds. "this morn, I was awakened by the singing of the birds ashore from whence we are distant not a quarter of a mile, the numbers of them were certainly very great who seemed to strain their throats with emulation perhaps, their voices the most melodious wild musick I have ever heard, almost imitation small bells but with the most tuneable silver sound. They began to sing about 1 or 2 in the morning and continue till sunrise, after which they are silent all day like our nightingales."



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In Ship's Cove, they came across a cannibalistic party,

who a few days before had captured and eaten the inhabitants of a passing canoe. By words and pantomime, the Maoris showed that they were human bones "and to shew us that they had eat the flesh they bit and naw'd the bone and draw'd it thro' their mouth and this in such a manner as plainly shew'd that the flesh to them was a dainty bit."

While they were there they set about repairing ship. (Remember there wasn't a dry dock anywhere in the whole of the Pacific and Indian Oceans in those days.) The ship's carpenters made a transom for the tiller, which stormy weather had just about gaunched off, repairs to rigging, made new water casks, scrubbed, painted, caulked and tarred the ship. Allowed the ship's goat off to graze. But she hadn't taken Captain Cook's Blue Plate Special, and was scurvy ridden, so they had to gum the grass for awhile—she couldn't chew properly. Ballast was taken aboard. Then began a circumnavigation of the South Island. At sea once more, on 7th February, 1770, the Endeavour narrowly escaped being driven ashore as she made her way through the Strait to which Cook gave his own name. Poor visibility and unfavourable winds kept them away from accurate charting in some places, and made them assume that Banks Peninsula was an island and that Stewart Island was the tip of the peninsula. But otherwise they were spot on. Right around and back to Admiralty Bay (on March 26th) in Marlborough Sounds, he called a meeting of his officers. They

On the original Cooks Tour, some of the places named by Cook as he sailed around our coast (you can follow his route) were Young Nicks Head, Poverty Bay, Table Cape, Portland Island, Hawke's Bay, Cape Kidnappers, Cape Turnagain, East Cape, Hick's Bay, Cape Runaway, White Island, Bay of Plenty, Mt. Edgecumbe, Mayor Island, Aldermen, Mercury Bay, Cape Colville, Barrier Island, Bream Bay, Hen & Chickens, Poor Knight, Piercy Island, Cape Brett, Bay of Islands, Cavalli Islands, Doubtless Bay, Mt. Camel, Cape Egmont, Queen Charlotte Sound, Cook Strait, The Traps, Solanders Island, Dusky Bay, Cascade Point, Cape Foulwind.

still hadn't solved the to-be or not-to-be of the Southern land mass, but all agreed the old ship simply could not take much more. She was afloat, but not much more, so it was decided to make for the nearest civilised port, which was Batavia, in the Dutch East Indies.

They had been in New Zealand waters for 5 months.

Of the two main islands, the northern one

seemed by far the more fertile, and Cook was sure that European grain, fruits and plants would thrive there. "In short," he wrote, "was this country settled by an industrious people, they would very soon be supplied not only with necessities, but many of the luxuries of life."

March 31st, the hook came up and she cleared Marlborough Sounds, Admiralty Bay was where Pelorous Jack had

15th DECEMBER, 1769

... was one of those days that would be laughed at in a Jules Verne book. Cook ostensibly merely going to Tahiti to record the transit of Venus, was also on sealed orders to sail further south and try and find this mysterious southern continent and grab it for Britain. All this time, 3 crafty Frenchmen had their heads together, and decided that they should send a ship out from one of the French ports in India and slyly annex Tahiti for themselves. So they sent Captain de Surville in the ship Saint Jean Baptiste. There was no radio in those days, they had no idea that Cook was already at Tahiti.

No European ships had been in the South Pacific for 130 years, so you have the hilarious position of Cook snuck along past Bay of Islands on sealed orders, and de Surville tip-toeing round North Cape to explore the Pacific (actually all he got was a dizzy spell and fell over the side and disappeared 2 days out from Peru).

But on 15th December 1769 a great storm raged up North. The two ships, one could say were almost on a collision course, the Endeavour was blown out to sea over the horizon and de Surville blown inshore, almost on to the rocks, had the ship's rudder smashed, and lost 2 anchors. Neither ship sighted the other, nor were they ever aware of one another's existence.

his beat. Maoris say this albino pilot dolphin was a 200-year-old taniwha. It makes you wonder if he was forever prowling, looking revengefully for the ship that had once nearly choked him by turving overboard a great icky dollop of Yorkshire pud.

Cook recommended Thames and Bay of Islands as potential settlements in New Zealand.

About 4 weeks after leaving New Zealand, the men who had taken the first steps in New Zealand, went ashore in Australia, and again took possession under the British flag. He did the right thing by Mrs Cook, and let Isaac Smith make his mark in history by being the first ashore. They caught so many sting-rays in the bay, and such thumpers, that Cook actually called it Stingray's Harbour in his journal, but Banks and Solander collected so many unusual plants, he finally called it Botany Bay.

Cook liked the look of the country with its low hills, plains and wooded valleys, but they thought the natives were the most primitive they had ever

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued

seen. All completely naked. Canoes were small and roughly made, their huts wretched. The natives didn't think much of them either, and lit grass fires to try and drive them off.

Later, Banks was to suggest that the place would make a fine penal colony (provided he didn't have to go, that is).

Later when their journals were published, readers accepted turtles and

The oldest member of the Endeavour crew gave his age as 49. But actually he was over 80, a sailmaker and always a few sheets in the wind. At Batavia the whole ship's company went down with fever and dysentery, except "Sails", who still staggered around as full as a bull. There's a moral in this—as Prohibitionists would be quick to point out. If you want to ward off the ravages of tropical climates, take up sailmaking.

dingos, but they narrowed their eyes when asked to believe there were peculiar greyish animals there which moved with the speed of a greyhound, but not on all fours — but children believe me — roaring across the countryside in thumping great leaps. Luckily Cook failed to see a platypus, or it

might have cost him his next command. The Admiralty might have thought he had been too long at sea.

4th June, 1870. Brought his ship thru Whitsunday Passage (that was the day he was there). The ship explored right along the 1000 miles of barrier reef, before going aground. Fortunately, on a moonlight night, so that they were able to lighten ship by jettisoning 50 tons (6 cannons went over the side, one of which was later recovered in 1908 by divers, and sent to the Cook Memorial monument in Gisborne). But Cook's seamanship and luck got her off. She was badly holed so they went straight inshore and beached her. With temporary patching, they staggered round the tip of Australia (confirming the existence of Torres Strait) and limped into Java, with provisions running out, on October 10th, 1770. It took three months to repair the Barrier Reef grounding.

Batavia at the time was a pestilential place where open drains, malaria and dysentery were just accepted as part of life, and soon the ship's company was infected. Surgeon Monkhouse died, as did the Tahitian interpreter and his

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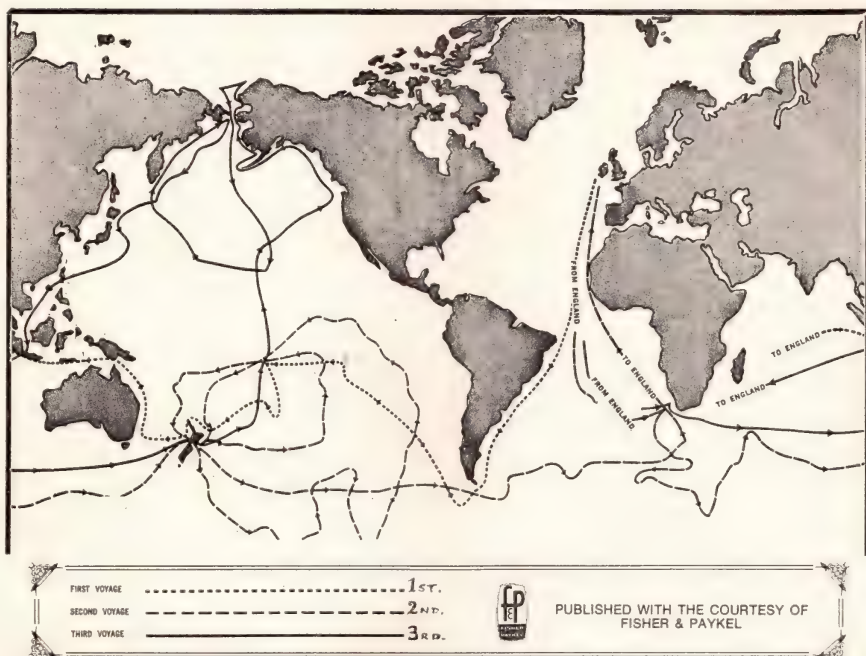
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Cook's Voyages round the World.

serving lad. The Endeavour finally cleared, sailed slowly away, more like a hospital ship. Those ashore explained that of all the personnel who came out from Holland, within a year 90 per cent were in hospital or dead from dysentery and fever. But for the Endeavour, the Java casualties were to increase. Old "Sails", the shicker (perhaps the ship went dry, and that was a human condition for which his system was quite unprepared, and had no answer) Parkinson, who had made over 1300 sketches to date (there were no photographers in those days) died also.

Homeward bound (Cape Town was reached on 14th March), the names that helped record New Zealand history died at sea ravaged by Batavian after affects. Green the astronomer, Sporing, Monkhouse (who had saved the ship by his patching when she struck the coral), Molyneux, Hicks.

After a 3-year voyage, the Endeavour anchored in The Downs on Saturday, July 12th.

The return of the Endeavour was a peculiar triumph. Due to the failure of other expeditions to record Venus

observations correctly, that side of it was disappointing. Cook had landed on New Zealand, but in those days it was 500 miles to seaward of the black stump. Who needs it?

Cook had charted several of the Society Islands, including Tahiti and Moorea, discovered Bora Bora, proved New Guinea was an island, and charted the East Coast of Australia.

Joseph Banks cut a mass of dash. Dining out on tales of the South Pacific. Not that Joe Banks was a quince, he was an educated conversationalist who did much greater justice to the voyage than the dour self-educated gauche James Cook could have done. Joseph Banks Esq. was at ease in the great salons and recounting the experience to Their Majesties. Since he had put out something like £10,000 of his own money to make the trip and bring at his expense many of the retinue like Solander and Sporing, nobody begrudged him his finest hour. Later, as Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, he met many eminent people of his time, but always proclaimed, "Cook was the finest man I ever knew."

CAPTAIN COOK—Continued

2nd VOYAGE, 1772-1775

Cape Town, Antarctic, New Zealand, Tahiti, Tonga New Zealand, Antarctic, Easter Island, Marquesa Islands, Tahiti, Huahine, Raiatea, Savage Island, Tonga, The New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Norfolk Island, New Zealand, Cape Horn, South Georgia, South Sandwich Group, Cape Town, England.

James Cook remained in England for about a year.

The existence of the southern Continent was still a raging controversy. Admiralty became sensitive to the importance of explorations in southern

COOK YEAR — ANNIVERSARY SALUTE

On August 26th 1968 Cook's home port of Whitby went gay, celebrating the departure of Cook's first voyage of exploration when he landed at Gisborne and took the first European steps anywhere in Australasia. The 30,000 residents of Whitby turned out for a colourful parade of decorated floats. Flags and coloured bunting hung the streets. New Zealand's High Commissioner, Sir Denis (and Lady Blundell) were official guests to present a "New Zealand" trophy for an event staged by the Whitby Regatta Committee. Unveiled a commemorative plaque, attended a civic luncheon, took the salute at a ceremonial march past, and visited special New Zealand film evenings. Presented our Prime Minister's goodwill message, part of which included the greeting—

"Many New Zealanders proudly trace their descent back to the riding of Yorkshire."

So far, only one foreign ship has visited New Zealand waters to honour our 1969 Cook Year. She presented a special commemorative plaque at Ships Cove in Marlborough Sounds. Came right inshore at Gisborne (near Young Nick's Head) to pay tribute on February 14th. (Cook was killed in the Hawaiian Islands on February 14th 1779.) The vessel gave a great maritime boost to the next day's Gisborne Boat Show.

Of the Endeavour's crew, several nationalities were recorded. 7 Scots, several Irish and Welsh, a Venetian, a Brazilian, and an American. Among the first ashore at Gisborne were the two Swedish naturalists Dr. Solander and Mr Sporing.

How apt that this international gesture by an overseas ship should be made by the M/S KUNGSOLM, of Swedish-American Lines.

and eastern seas. Cook had an audience with the King, accepted a few personal appearances as part of his national prominence, but in the main ducked the limelight, leaving the arena free to those rampant social lions Banks and Solander.

The second voyage was to be equipped this time with TWO ships, again Whitby colliers, they were commissioned the Cranby and the Marquis of Rockingham, they were commissioned the Raleigh and Drake (one can imagine the sea-doggerel from the hammocks)

When we sailed on the Raleigh and Drake,
A world navigation to make,
We warded off scurvy
And girls brown and curvy
With the sulphurous brew we did take.

But an unpretentious Cook felt the high sounding names were a bit grand, so they were changed to "Resolution" and "Adventure".

When we sailed on the good ship Adventure
We had soup that would stick to your denture,
Ground gannets and seals
Mixed with seaweed and eels,
Mate, I can tell you it sent yer.

Joseph Banks was again invited, accepted eagerly but announced that the ship was "not fit for a gentleman to embark in". He insisted on alterations for the second voyage, extra superstructure, luxury appointments. The pilot would not pass her. A serving officer wrote, "I'd put to sea in a grog tub if I had to, but this is the most unsafe ship I ever saw or heard of." Finally J. Banks Esq. priced himself off the market and was told to sling his hook.

In the final stages, Cook sneaked away on Christmas leave. He and his wife visited his aged father at Great Ayton. Cook also rode over the moors to see the Walkers, and stayed with his wife just long enough to see his young son George born, then was back to the dockyard to supervise final preparations.

Other countries were now in the race for possessions and at Cape Town he

XMAS DOWN UNDER

They say that Kupe was near North Cape at Christmas (how do they know? by his reference to pohutukawas and other blooming plants, if you'll pardon the expression). Considering the importance of Cape Reinga in Maori mythology, and talking in terms of the Christmas season, they say the Great Fleet was also near North Cape at that time of the year, so was Tasman, so was Cook, du Surville.

And in terms of Commemorative Cruises, Philip Houghton was there about that time in his 32ft. Bermudian cutter (see page 18), but it was New Zealand Shipping Company's Rangitoto's Captain Cook Commemorative Cruise round North and South Islands which hit the jackpot. She was right opposite Cape Reinga at 10 a.m. on Christmas Day, 1968.

heard that the French had set out on a similar course with two ships. Cook's ships penetrated the Antarctic for the first time in maritime exploration, in an effort to prove or disprove the existence of this mysterious mythical southern Continent.

Seas were grey and white-capped. The British ships buffeted waves "as high as Church Steeples". On February 8th, in a thick fog, the "Adventure" disappeared. Cook lit flares and fire guns on the hour, but they lost contact. The "Adventure" was never sighted. Eventually the Resolution worked her way back to the South Island West Coast, sailed into Dusky Sound where she tied up against the shore (the gangway was tree trunks lashed together, saved rowing backwards and forwards to the shore). Then she worked up the West Coast round Golden Bay, ducked a few waterspouts that threatened her and made for Ship's Cove. To everyone's delight, there merrily at anchor rode the "Adventure"—not a goner after all. (When she realised they had lost contact, she went her own way back to the previously arranged rendezvous at Ships Cove.)

Then both ships sailed north to tropical islands, to rejuvenate both men and ships and then back to New Zealand where they parted. We tend to think Polynesian wars as way back in the Great Fleet's time, but while Cook was there, he saw a massive display of 160 double war canoes, drawn up on the lagoon. 7,000 war braves, it was estimated. They were having a dummy run, ready to sail over the 12 miles to attack the nearby island of Moorea.

The Adventure sailed Home to England, and a resolute Cook in the Resolution, had a large crack at the Antarctic.

When all aboard were satisfied that no ship could go further, and ahead lay nothing but pack ice, they went about (not before young George Vancouver, later to establish his own name as an explorer on the North American West Coast, had elbowed his way forward out to the bowspit, so that as the ship turned he could claim to have been further south than any man on earth, or water for that matter).

Cook recorded the south as "lands doomed by nature to perpetual frigidness, whose horrible and savage aspect I have not words to describe." The Antarctic was left to the seals, gulls and penguins.

In July 1775 they arrived back in England, after a 3-year circumnavigation of $3\frac{1}{2}$ times round the earth, with the loss of only 4 men, not one of them from scurvy.

The 2nd Voyage did not lead to the exciting discoveries of the 1st Voyage, but it ranks even higher as a feat of endurance and courage at sea. The first two Christmases were spent south of latitude 50 degrees,

Once they penetrated to 71 degrees. Each time vast icefields barred the way until even Cook wrote, "I, who had ambition not only to go further than anyone had been before, but as far as it was possible to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption."

He returned from his second voyage a famous man, because while he was away his journals had been read all over Europe.

3rd VOYAGE, 1776-1780

Cape Town—Kerguelen's Land—Van Diemen's Land—New Zealand—The Cook Group—Tonga—Tahiti—Moorea—Huahine—Taitea—Kauai—Niihau—Hawaiian Islands (Sandwich Islands)—Nootks Sound—Prince William Sound—Unalaska—Alaska—Arctic Circle—Unalaska—Sandwich Islands—Hawaii—Petropaulovsk—China—East Indies—Cape of Good Hope—England.

James Cook was officially promoted to Captain. Also honorary position at Greenwich Hospital, carried with it free residence and £200 a year. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. His paper "The Means of Prevention and Cure of Scurvy" was claimed the best paper of the year, for which he was awarded the distinguished Copley Gold Medal.

But Britain now had a taste of Colonial conquest, they wanted more glory for King and Country, more voyages of exploration.

Cook would have preferred not to lead this 3rd expedition, certainly he would have liked longer time at home between trips. It is thought that long voyages on harsh rations with sudden excesses of tropical fruits . . . may have given him ulcers. Admiralty could not ask Cook to sail again as he had just returned home—but he felt it was his duty. Applications were invited to lead the voyage and Cook's was accepted the day it was received. He was to com-



Courtesy Swedish American Line

Today and Yesterday.

mand the "Resolution", in company with another Whitby collier, the 229-ton "Discovery". They set sail July 12th, 1776. By the King's order, a Tahitian Omai, who had gone back to England from the 2nd voyage, was to be returned to the island. When Omai came aboard he had a wide Ark range of livestock. Tried to get them into his cabin with him. Nor did he detract from his own difficulties by wandering around all the time in a suit of armour someone had given him.

Cook's main order apart from securing new lands was to seek north-west or north-east passage to the north by the American continent. Down the Atlantic, round Africa, across the bottom of Indian Ocean, past Tasmania and back into his old home port of Marlborough Sounds (Ships Cove). Then on to Tonga and Tahiti where he was thankful to quit his "circus" as he called his collection of livestock. "Hens, pigs and cocks housed on the deck, set up such a

devilish noise as to Plague the Senses."

Then North, discovering the Hawaiian Islands on January 18th, 1778

There is evidence to suggest that Cook was not a completely fit man, and at

AND THERE WAS TRAGEDY TOO

After the second voyage, Cook came home to hear that his son Joseph (who was born a few days after the Endeavour sailed) had died in infancy. He never saw him. And one of his first questions when the Endeavour returned was of his little daughter, aged 4. But she had died 3 months earlier.

His second son, Nathaniel, was drowned in October 1780, aged 16, when his ship was sunk by a hurricane in the West Indies; his youngest son, Hugh, died at 17, and a month later the only surviving son, James, aged 30, was also drowned at sea.

times lacked the rational restraint and patience that characterised his earlier contacts with native races.

After Hawaii, he sailed through the Aleutian Islands, and finally into Bering

Straits until blocked by solid ice. He returned to the Hawaiian Islands and clashed with natives, being killed on February 14th 1779. A Lieutenant Phillys wrote later "... two or three thousand howling natives pressed in upon us. I believe Captain Cook was about to give orders to embark (to sail back to the ships at anchor) ... when a fellow armed with a long iron spike and a stone threatened the Captain, upon which he discharged a load of small shot at him, but he having his mat on the small shot did not penetrate it. This did nothing but further provoke and encouraged them (the natives). The natives now made a general attack and the Captain gave orders to the marines to fire. He called out 'Make for the boats'. Captain Cook reached the waters edge and turned to raise his hand to tell the boats crew to withhold their fire. As he did, one Hawaiian rushed in and clubbed him ... and before the horrified seamen could do anything to help, another native darted in and stabbed Cook in the neck with

a dagger, so that he slumped face down in the water. The natives quite berserk fell on him and beat him to death."

The meele had been watched by telescope from the ships.

It is said even old sea dogs wept and it needed a steady hand to restrain them from manning the ships guns with a revengeful and fearful broadside, followed up with a massed landing party gunning for trouble. Six days later a penitent island priest handed over for naval burial and committal to the deep ... all that could be found of the greatest navigator of the age. There remained just skull, leg and arm bones and hands.

The ships Resolution and Discovery carried on with orders, surveying islands, moored off St. Peter and St. Paul (Petropavlovsk) an unsuccessful attempt to find a way through North West passage and the long disconsolate trip home via China, East Indies and Cape of Good Hope.

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news of Cook's death preceded them by nine months. It came in a letter to London from Petropavlovsk, received in London on 10th January 1780 and published next day in London Gazette. The Empress of Russia was the first of many Crown heads of Europe to send her condolences.

The Admiralty ordered an account for the 3rd voyage to be prepared for



Courtesy, Reeds

Captain Cook's New Zealand.

publication. Half profits went to widowed Mrs Cook. King George III also granted her an annual pension of £250. During her later years Mrs Cook lived with her cousin Isaac Smith (who had gone away on the 1st voyage in the Endeavour) . . . who by now had an established naval career.

The widow of Captain James Cook died 13th May 1835, aged 93, and was buried with their two sons James and Hugh in the church of Great St. Andrews, Cambridge, England.

They Said of Him . . .

IN 1769

Wrote DAVID SAMWELL, surgeon's mate in "Discovery" on the 3rd Voyage:

"Vigilant and active to an eminent degree. In every situation he stood unrivalled and alone; on him all eyes were turned; he was our leading star, which at its setting left us involved in darkness and despair."

ZIMMERMAN, a German sailor, . . .

"The general consternation caused by the death of our Commander is the finest tribute to Captain Cook. Everyone on the ship was stricken dumb, crushed, and felt as though he'd lost his father."

IN 1969

PHILIP HOUGHTON, who sailed a 32ft. Bermudian cutter on a circumnavigation of North and South Islands, in 1967 (see page 18, "Land from the Masthead").

"One had only to grapple in a minor way with the immense isolation of nature to get an inkling of what the early voyagers faced. Tasman's committee, one suspects, panicked. Surville lacked humanity, Marion prudence, D'Urville seamanship. In these waters none approached Cook."

But of all the tributes, here could well be the one that Cook the man may have valued, with pleasure and pride. (Cook was a Whitby man, and many of his Whitby friends had neither the education nor the vision to grasp the importance of his discoveries. What counted with them was the sea, and one's skill upon it.) Wrote tall ship chronicler, Cape Horn and Master Mariner in sail ALAN VILLIERS . . . not as a bifocal text book evaluation . . . but as the last of the fellow practitioners . . .

(see page 18)

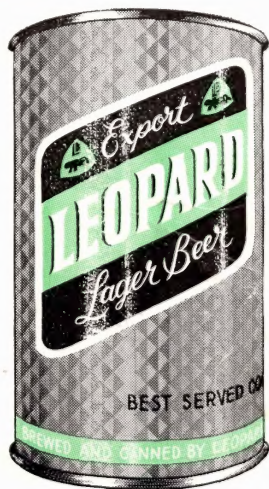
"Cook to me is no visionary who stumbled upon what was there because it was there waiting for the first stumbler to find it, nor an exploiting late-comer, reaping the harvest of predecessors' long and painful pioneering. He was (and still is) the meticulous and infinitely careful explorer by sea, the most consistent and greatest sailing-ship seaman there ever was."

"Then these shores, desert or peoples only by isolated pas will exhibit flourishing cities; these silent bays, traversed now by infrequent frail canoes, will be furrowed by ships of every size. And in a few centuries future academicians of New Zealand will not fail to cast indoubt, or at least laboriously to discuss the first navigators' narratives."

Dumont d'Urville (1826).



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